

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. II.

WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1872.

No. 14.

SPINNING.

A SPIDER was swinging herself in glee
From a moss-covered swaying bough;
A breeze came rollicking up from the sea,
And fanned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was as cool as you please;
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

She saw where a humming-bird lighted down;
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed;
On his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And he sat on a bough and dreamed.
The spider ran up on her silver thread,
And looked in the little king's face;
"If I may but sit at your feet," she said,
"I'll spin you some beautiful lace."

The humming-bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her nimble feet,
And said to himself, I have found a prize,
She is useful as well as neat.
"You may sit by my side, if it please you well,"
Said he, "the summer time through;
"And since you spin on a noiseless wheel,
"I'll do the humming for you."

—Belle W. Cooke in *Our Young Folks*.

MY "FIRST-CLASS" GHOST-STORY.

I was seated in a comfortable compartment in a first-class railway carriage at London Bridge railway station on the 24th of December. The weather was horribly cold, and the wind was very high. I had my evening paper already cut by my side, and my *Bradshaw* was in my hand; but they were at present both unheeded, for my thoughts were far away down the line—forty miles down, to Nettleton, where I was going to spend my Christmas holidays with my uncle, Arthur Blucher, a few cousins, and Bessie Noland. When I say that my uncle and cousins were second and third in my thoughts, I need hardly explain that Bessie was my sweetheart—rather an old-fashioned word, but I like to use it. I had won her after a courtship of twelve months; and I thought myself the happiest of young fellows and the luckiest of mankind. I will not attempt to describe my Bessie, for that can only be done by photography. She was very pretty, very sensible, and beloved by everybody, and adored by me. I had parted with her in the autumn; and although every week brought me a kind, gentle letter from her, we had not met since saying good-by at the Barmouth station, North Wales, when she went to stop at Nettleton, and I returned to grim old law in my chambers, New Inn, Lincoln's Inn. How slowly the time dragged on, to be sure! There never could have been a windier or a more cheerless October than in that year, nor a duller or a darker November. I could find no charm in the London theatres, in spite of the novelties produced. The newspapers were stupid, and the magazines barely readable. My friends, too, somehow or other, became wearisome. Johnson's puns fell flat, Robinson's practical jokes lost their charms, and Smith's and Jones' parties bored me. I wanted Christmas to come as quickly as possible, and yet Old Time would not get on any quicker in spite of my fretting. But at last the day arrived for my departure. I had packed my portmanteau two days before it was necessary. I had studied my route until I knew the stations by heart, and I found myself at London

Bridge station a good half hour before the train was advertised to start. Immediately "my" train (I had known this 5.55 for so many weeks that I looked upon it in the light of personal property) backed into its position I insisted on taking my seat, although the guard assured me that we shouldn't be off for quarter of an hour, if then. Never mind; I felt happier and less restless in the carriage, knowing that it was something somehow connected with Nettleton and my visit. Our train, according to the time-tables, did not stop anywhere after passing Croydon, but ran right into Nettleton junction—ignoring Reigate, Little Houghton, and Rushley. So, giving a shilling to the guard, I requested him to lock the door, and I was left to my cigar, my evening paper, my *Bradshaw*, and my Bessie.

The station was thronged with holiday-makers of all grades of society, pushing, squeezing, laughing, shouting, but all bent on one object—to get good places in their various trains. Poor guards, how I pitied them! and how I admired their coolness and clear-headedness in the midst of such a Babel of tongues! Should we never start, I asked myself as I leaned out of the window for the twentieth time. Yes, surely those are "our" doors being slammed to; that is our guard whistling and holding up his hand; and that brisk, determined whistle belongs to our engine. We were off. As we slowly glided out of the station I was somewhat surprised to see a tall, lank, white-faced gentleman walk up to my carriage door—which I paid the guard to lock—open it, step in, and take his seat opposite me. He was a most peculiar-looking individual. His face was very long and painfully white; his eye was bright and restless; his hands, encased in black kid gloves, had the appearance of possessing a good deal of bone; his legs were awkwardly long; and, to add to his eccentricity, his head was quite bald, and shone like a plain, white billiard-ball. On entering the carriage he bowed to me, and, after carefully gazing round him, smiled—such a smile!—and taking out a black-covered book, coiled himself up in a corner and buried himself in its contents. This strange being puzzled me considerably. What could he be? Perhaps a doctor. No—his appearance would terrify any nervous patient. A lawyer, possibly; an escaped lunatic more probably. I determined to speak to him; for, though I was not a coward, I did not like the man. There was something unearthly about him; for now and then he would put down his book, gaze on the lamp above him, and laugh quietly; then fixing his eyes on me for a second, would relapse into a smile, and continue his reading. "Do you object to smoking?" I asked—I own with an effort. He took no notice of me. I repeated the question; but, in lieu of replying, he twisted himself into an easier position, and went on with the black-bound book.

"I shall not be at all sorry when we get to Nettleton," I thought to myself, as I threw my cigar away and took up the paper; "I don't relish this superhuman passenger at all. Well, as there's no chance of release for two good hours, I may as well make the best of it." I tried to read, but could not fix my thoughts on any subject; so I soon gave it up, and tried to lose myself in dream-land. But at first I could not sleep; for whenever I happened to look up I found my horrible companion's eyes fixed on mine. A cold perspiration came over me every time I looked on him; so I summoned up courage and said, somewhat sharply, "I think you are very rude to stare at me so, sir; if you have any thing to say to me, be good

enough to speak." He smiled, and looked out of the window for a moment, sighed, and changed his seat. I must have soon fallen into a doze, but how long I slept I have little idea. When I awoke I felt the carriage oscillating violently, and to my horror and surprise *my companion had gone!* Yes, I was alone in the carriage! In another moment the air was filled with shrieks of agony and yells of despair, the escape of steam, and the crashing of wood. My carriage shook and groaned, and then tottered over on its side down an embankment; but luckily for me, I was, with the exception of a few bruises, unhurt. Oh, what a sight was before me! The 5.55 from London had run into a goods train, and lay before me a wreck. Women, children, and men were buried under the debris, while some, like me, had escaped without a scratch. We rendered all the assistance that lay in our power to the poor creatures; and it was not until the sun had risen on Christmas morning that we got sufficient hands together to clear the line. Twenty-five people were killed in this awful accident, and over thirty severely injured.

The news of the disaster had reached Nettleton some hours previous to my arrival; and when I had briefly narrated the painful facts of the case, I asked leave to go to my room, feeling perfectly unable to take part in the Christmas merry-makings. I was glad enough to throw myself on the bed; and although I could not sleep, the quietude of the place, and the calm rest which I enjoyed, soothed my nervous frame and cooled my burning brain. I thought over the events of the short time which had elapsed since I left London, and could not help connecting my mysterious fellow-traveller in some way with the accident. I was no believer in ghosts; and yet what was the meaning of that man's mysterious entrance at London Bridge, and his still more mysterious disappearance? Was it fancy? Certainly not. Could it have been a warning of the coming danger? I could not answer myself, but continued to ponder and argue until I could not bear to be alone, so I got up and went down into my uncle's library. I sent for Bessie by one of the servants, and in a very few moments my dear girl and myself were together. I told her all my adventure. At first she laughed at me and called me a superstitious goose; but when she found me serious she was annoyed, and gave me a good lecture, which she finished up by telling me that I had been working too hard and too late at my chambers, had overheated my brain, and therefore fancied all manner of stupid things. I promised not to allude to the "ghost," as she termed my railway companion, during the holidays; and I kept my word.

The few days' leisure that I had allowed myself went quickly enough; and my Nettleton visit was soon a thing of the past, and I was once again hard at work in the Inn. At times my thoughts would turn to the events of Christmas-eve; and though I strove to erase the recollection from my mind, I could not forget my fellow-traveller. I read books on spiritualism; and in spite of arguments with friends, and several serious conversations with my relatives, I became a believer in ghosts. I kept the truth from Bessie, for I knew that she would be broken-hearted if she knew that I had become a disciple of the spiritualists. I was very unhappy and very unsettled; my health was none of the best; my spirits were low, and my energy flagged considerably. So the long year passed away, and Christmas came again. I was, as usual, to spend my few days' holiday at Nettleton, and I found myself once more in a first-class carriage by myself, at 5.55 on the 24th of December.

The whistle was sounded, the engine shrieked, the train moved, the door opened, and he entered the carriage, smiled in the same death-like manner he had smiled twelve months ago, took his seat, produced the black book, and read in si-

lence. I do not think I was very much surprised at seeing him, for he had been in my "mind's eye" all the year; but a cold perspiration came over me; I felt a sinking at my heart, and a burning, throbbing pain flew to my head. "Man, if man you be," I said, fixing my eyes on the figure, "if you have come to warn me of any coming danger, speak to me. I am brave enough to hear the worst." He lifted his eyes from the book, yawned, closed the volume, and settled himself to sleep. "No," I cried, "you shall not evade my question; you must answer me. What will happen? Why are you here?" He aroused himself, and looked at me with a smile upon his hard lips; he then took out a small pocket-book and wrote on a page, which he tore out and handed me, these words: "WE SHALL MEET TO-NIGHT."

I read the five words over and over again, but could not fathom their meaning. I was painfully certain, in my own mind, that some other terrible calamity of some kind or other would happen before long, and that I read my warning on the piece of paper I held in my hand. I kept my eyes fixed on him for some time; but nature at length ruled, and I fell asleep—not into a sound slumber, but into a troubled, fretful series of dozes of an unrefreshing and feverish character. I was aroused by the train slackening speed, and, on looking out of the window, found we had arrived at Nettleton junction, and *I was the only occupant of the carriage!* Hastily gathering my traps together, I got out of the haunted carriage, and inquired of a porter if my uncle had sent over any conveyance for me. Yes, there was the dog-cart. Before leaving the station I asked the station-master if he was sure that the train from which I had alighted was the express from town. "Yes, sir," was his answer; "through from London Bridge." What an awful ride I had on that dark Christmas-eve! At every turn of the road I thought we should be overturned; whenever the horse improved his pace I made up my mind that he had bolted; but, in spite of my fears, we arrived safely at Nettleton House, and received a hearty welcome as of yore.

All agreed that I was looking far from well. "Bless the boy," said my aunt; "you look as pale as though you'd seen a ghost." I stammered something about the closeness of London, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

How I got through the meal I have little idea. Bessie must have thought me very stupid, for I made few remarks, and answered her questions in monosyllables. There was to be a dance, as usual, in the evening, and I was engaged, of course, to Bessie for the opening quadrille; but I made so many foolish blunders, and, as my sweetheart told me, looked so very unwell, that I was fain to leave off.

"Come into this room, dear," Bessie said; "it is cooler there, and more quiet."

We entered. I started back with a look of horror on my face, for *there by the mantel-shelf stood my mysterious railway companion, with a glass of sherry in his hand.*

"Bessie," I said, earnestly, "come away; come away, for Heaven's sake!"

"Why, whatever is the matter, Charlie? You look so terribly frightened," she said.

But I heeded her not, for I could not think of anything but the phantom before me. He approached with that cursed smile upon his face, and held out his hand.

Bessie looked up laughingly at his face, and said, "Charlie, won't you shake hands with Doctor Linton?"

"Who—who is he?"

"Why, Doctor Linton, the deaf and dumb gentleman."

For a moment my brain whirled around, and I can remember but indistinctly what immediately followed. I saw Bessie making signs with her fingers, and the doctor replying to her in the same manner. This is what I learned in calmer moments:

The doctor was deaf and dumb, and a season ticket-holder on the line; and as he could not make the porters understand him, he was allowed a private key. He lived at a little village some five miles the London side of Nettleton, and the managers of the line stopped the 5.55 for him out of courtesy.

So my ghost vanished with the explanation. I shook him warmly by the hand, and, with the assistance of my Bessie, informed him of my doubts and fears, at which he laughed heartily. My spirits soon returned, and by the time the dance was announced no one was happier than myself. Bessie and I were married the following Christmas, and conspicuous among our guests was my "First-class Ghost."

IS IT RIGHT?

OF late much has been published in scientific journals of the presence of arsenic in the green coloring matter used in confectionery, and in the manufacture of paper-hangings. The Massachusetts Board of Health has recently investigated the matter, and revealed some startling truths. Of the deleterious effects of arsenic in a wall paper, allow me to say a few words of simple, plain truth.

In August, 1871, I covered the walls of a room, well ventilated by an open grate and long windows, with a thick green paper of the broad kind, sometimes known as wash paper. It was very beautiful, and my pride was gratified, as friends complimented my taste in its selection, and commented upon its cool, refreshing tint, and the charm it shed over the room. The remodelling of the apartment was intended as a surprise for an absent one, who, early in October, returned home to enjoy its renovated beauty.

In November, various unpleasant symptoms appeared—great weariness, lassitude, and depression; also indigestion, heretofore almost unknown. These increased rapidly, attended by others of a more severe and positive character, until, in January, 1872, the patient was confined to the bed, suffering from causes we could not understand, never suspecting our beautiful paper could be the promoter of such effects. A friend suggested whether the cause might not be arsenic in our wall paper. A piece of it was at once submitted to the chemical test, ammonia, a test only proving the presence of arsenic when in large quantities. The paper almost instantly turned white; the ammonia became of a deep blue, and a powder was at once precipitated in the glass. Upon folding another piece of the paper, and immersing it in fresh liquid, one could perceive the powder (arsenic) run rapidly down the fold, as sand through an hour-glass.

Another piece of the paper-hanging was sent to Dr. Barker, professor of chemistry in Yale College, who pronounced the coloring matter arsenic, and testing it again, gave his opinion that it was of a highly injurious and poisonous character.

Some one may ask, how can arsenic, if there be any in the coloring of the wall-paper, injure any one? We reply, arsenic is a subtle poison, and a small quantity will destroy life. The currents of air always put in motion by passing through a room, by the entrance of the outer air, dusting the walls, etc., dislodge particles continually, minute and imperceptible to the eye, but they are inhaled into the lungs, and because of their minuteness are absorbed through the pores of the skin, to do their work with insidious power. "If in weighing this Paris Green," said a painter to the writer, "I should allow the smallest particle to enter my nostrils, it would produce a very serious sore."

The dangerous qualities of arsenic are so well understood, that in one of the Continental monarchies of Europe the manufacture of all green paper-hanging is forbidden. The ultramarine green is perfectly harmless; but the European

monarch knows the danger of arsenic, and so distrusts the honesty of the manufacturers that it is asserted that he positively prohibits the use of all greens. This danger is not so fully comprehended on this side the Atlantic, perhaps, or if understood, we are too much engrossed with other matters to give the attention we should to this. It has been known for many years to scientific men, and we fear by some of our manufacturers. But the greed of gain, and the ignorance of the people, have continued the demand, and, of course, the supply of the poisonous article.

In proof of the truth of our opinion that arsenic was the cause of much of my friend's illness, I would say that immediately on the confirmation of our suspicion of the presence of this poison, the patient was removed from the room, although very feeble. Antidotes to arsenic were given, and, notwithstanding the fatigue and excitement consequent upon such a change, in four days many of the worst symptoms were somewhat alleviated—the dryness of the mouth and throat, the swelling of the face and limbs, and the pain in the head and eyes. Some persons, of less delicate organization, would probably not have suffered as much from the same exposure, but certainly death was apparently the goal soon to be reached in this case; and better that than life with a half-poisoned body. On burning the paper after it was removed from the wall, the smoke was of a peculiar blue color.

Now, Mr. Editor, this seems to me a very important matter. We are not all chemists, and do not understand chemical tests. We do not all see reports of scientific, or even philanthropic bodies, but a very large proportion of us do read newspapers. May I ask, therefore, your insertion of my simple, true story in your journal? I wish every paper in the land would copy it, or, better still, that some one with a powerful pen would set forth more graphically than I can do the terrible consequences likely to follow the using of *Paris Green* or *arsenic paper-hangings*.
HUMANITY.

THE Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.

THE following witty couplet was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter, Arabella, importuned him for money:

"Dear Bell, to gain money,
Sure, silence is best;
For dumb belles are fittest
To open the chest."

"PRAY bestow your charity, young gentleman, on a poor blind man," said a beggar to a person passing by. "If you are blind, my good fellow, how did you know that I was young?" "Oh, sir, I made a mistake," said the beggar; "pray give a trifle to a poor dumb man!"

OFFICER COLEMAN, of the Uhlans, last evening arrested on the shell road, near the white bridge, a man for being drunk. He was lugged into the station, when he was placed on the report as having "no name, no occupation, no age—nothing," he being deaf and dumb and unable to answer the questions. He will doubtless cause some confusion in court, where unknown will be charged with being drunk.—*N. O. Times*.

THE Elmwood correspondent of *The Peoria Review* says: "There is a widow lady residing some three miles from here who has been voluntarily silent for some three years past—that is, ever since her husband's death. She is in comfortable circumstances, financially speaking, and has a family of children to care for, but no motherly word or tone escapes her. This is said to be the result of some fanatical religious notion of crucifying the flesh, she being in great doubt of her spiritual worthiness to be saved."

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly by

J. BURTON HOTCHKISS AND MELVILLE BALLARD.

All communications designed for insertion should be addressed to "The Editor."

All subscriptions should be sent by P. O. money-orders, draft or registered letter. Money forwarded otherwise at the risk of the sender.

Terms: Single subscriptions \$1.50 per year, in advance. Clubs of ten \$1.25. Single copies, 8c.

WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1872.

By reference to our column of Institution News it will be seen that the Conference of Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb is to take place this year at the Michigan Institution, at Flint, on the 14th and 15th of August next. Mention is also made of a meeting at South Boston. We have no knowledge of the latter, but suppose, from its locality, that it is to be a meeting to consider the subject of articulation. We would like information as to the date of this latter meeting and its object.

We print in our column of Institution News an extract from an English paper giving an account of an examination in the Liverpool School. Our readers will doubtless be amused at the ideas of the writer, and they will also smile at the reverend gentleman who wanted to know "whether the faculties of deaf and dumb children suffice to remember a short narrative." Do educated people generally, in England, still believe we are mentally deficient?

ANOTHER curious thing the writer of this article mentions is the articulate noises made by some of the pupils while making signs. We know individual cases of this kind are common among deaf-mutes everywhere, and a very disagreeable habit it is, but we never knew it to occur in numbers in a large assemblage. We have a case in point in which this habit was productive of a surprise to the possessor. He was walking along the streets of a certain city, talking to a deaf-mute companion, and giving voice now and then when he was specially emphatic in his sign-making, and attracting some attention. Soon they paused under the windows of a house occupied by an ancient maiden lady, and kept up their conversation. The lady, hearing the grunts and squeaks, thought a whole family of porkers had invaded her door-yard, and was proportionately aroused. When she discovered the true state of affairs she was at first surprised, then disgusted. After bearing it as long as the acidity of her temper would allow, she went for her water pail and emptied its contents on the gesticulating grunter below, and he and his companion departed. We are sorry we cannot say that the shower cured him of the offensive habit.

It has been our pleasure to spend a few days in New York recently, passing the time among deaf-mute friends and acquaintances. We take satisfaction in mentioning the courtesy of Mr. Fitzgerald, a deaf-mute clerk in the U. S. Custom-House, who kindly showed us over this great bone of political contention. Mr. Fitzgerald is the clerk of the longest standing in the office, having held his position for over twelve years. His fidelity has secured him a responsible position, and he has the full confidence of his superiors. We attended services in St. Ann's Church, but were not privileged to see the rector himself conduct the services, as he was called away to a funeral, but a very acceptable sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, his assistant, from the passage in Exodus describing the battle between Amalek and Israel, when Moses' hands, with the rod of God in them, were upheld upon the mount by Aaron and Hur. The preacher urged his congregation to uphold the hands of their pastor in his great work, when they were heavy,

and to be ready to support him at all times—to give him their confidence; and as Israel overcame Amalek through the aid of Aaron and Hur to Moses, so would their pastor be successful in his efforts to better the class through their upholding of his hands. The exhortation was attended to with interest by all. We congratulate the New York deaf-mute community on having such a fine church to worship in. It looks very nice since its renovation, and among the most noticeable features are the marble baptismal font, the gift of a lady friend; the raised letters "I. H. S.," of the manual alphabet, said to be modeled from the hand of the pastor's wife, and the marble tablet in memory of a deceased churchwarden, placed in the wall near the organ.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was taken to the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Fanwood. She was at first very self-willed; but it pleased God to give her a new heart, and the love of Jesus was a transforming power. She became amiable and sweet-tempered, and was much beloved. But she was stricken down by disease and became blind. Thus she could neither speak, nor hear, nor see.

One day the superintendent went in to see her. She knew he had come by the jarring caused by his footsteps; for the other senses of the deaf-mute grow very acute as they are required to supplement the want of hearing.

How was the superintendent to speak to her? He made signs with his hands, and she felt them with hers. Thus the deaf converse in the dark. He said to her in this mute way:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No, I am not afraid."

"Do you not wish that you could continue to live?"

"Why should I desire to live? I can not speak; I am blind. But up yonder I shall have my sight again. I shall see the beautiful city. And then I shall hear. I shall know what sweet music is." Then raising her emaciated arm, she spelt with her slender fingers these words:

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

What a dear Saviour we have in Jesus! When he lays his chastening hand upon us, he does it in love. He sustains us in the darkest hour. He never, no, never forgets us.

God glorifies himself even by the tribulations of His children. He manifests His power to comfort, to bless, and to save.—*American Messenger.*

HE who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

PEOPLE who are sorely afflicted in this world are not always the most saintly of beings. There is a deaf and dumb boy in Michigan who has been arrested for theft, burglary, and shooting his uncle. The State will show its love for its afflicted child by chastening him still more.

THE ideas of the deaf and dumb before education have afforded much food for speculation. Here is a dumb boy's view of the moon, which we recommend to Messrs. Turner, Peet, and others: He thought that with every new moon some giant pared his thumb-nail and cast the paring up into the sky, where it grew and grew until it became round, and then fell down.

IN the Imperial Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, the mutes are called together for meals or school by the tap of a drum. In the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, there has been made a successful experiment of forming an alphabet of drum-taps, by which intelligence may be conveyed in the dark, and to a considerable distance, to any number who have learned the alphabet.

COLLEGE RECORD.

EXHIBITION OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

ON the afternoon of the 13th of June the pupils of the Primary Department gave an exhibition, which was well attended by their relatives and friends, and was a very pleasant affair, all performing their parts in a very creditable manner.

The exercises opened with the delivery in the sign-language of the Lord's Prayer by Miss May Barnes. It was very beautifully rendered. Then followed black-board exercises and the rendering of the "Deaf Man's Grave," from Wordsworth's "Excursion," the latter by Miss Sarah J. Wells. More determined assaults on the slates were then made, with fine effect, by Misses Karns, McDonald, Pritchard, and Gourley, while Master Arthur D. Bryant delivered in clear and graceful signs Mrs. Norton's poem, "Bingen on the Rhine." An amusing piece, and very effectively delivered, was the extract from Mrs. Caudle's Lecture, by Sophia Weller. We really thought it was Mrs. Caudle herself. Miss Grace A. Freeman was pathetic with "Major Andre's Last Request." Diplomas were then conferred upon Charles Dashiell, James McBride, Amanda M. Karns, and Sarah J. Wells. There were also some exercises in articulation, and the entertainment closed with the Benediction by Professor Chickering.

The names recorded upon the Roll of Honor for the year are as follows:

Unblemished record for nine months, (the whole term:) Arthur D. Bryant, Mary E. McDonald, Sarah J. Wells.

Eight months: Grace A. Freeman, Josephine Sardo, Thomas Hagerty.

Seven months: Amanda M. Karns, Lydia Leitner, Sophia R. Weller, Henry Trieschmann.

Six months: Sarah A. Gourley, Edward Clark, William Connolly, Charles Dashiell, Lewis C. Easterday,* John C. Wagner, Sarah Preston.

Five months: Emilie Rivaux, James McBride.

Four months: Maggie Ryan.

Three months: Justina Bevan,* Georgianna E. Pritchard, Elizabeth McCormick, Richard K. Stout, John W. Blaine.

Two months: May Barnes, William Richards, Willie A. Dennis, John E. Bull.*

One month: Joseph Barnes, William Moriarty.

* Left school before the close of the term.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET and party left New York for Europe on the 6th, in the Cunard steamship *Abyssinia*. We were there, with many friends, to see them off. It was our first experience on board an outward-bound ship, and the great number of red eyes among the passengers and their friends, with here and there much sobbing and embracing, gave us a vague impression that we were attending a funeral, and the following obituary notice ran through our head continually: "Departed this continent for a happier land, on the 6th of July, 1872, of the European fever, E. M. Gallaudet, wife, infant child, and nurse; Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet; A. G. Draper, Miss Kitty Gallaudet, Miss Grace Gallaudet, Miss Gertrude Denison, niece of the President, and Willie Denison, a nephew. May fair winds fill their sails and speedily waft them to the shores they seek." But previous to all this we had a pleasant time in the sail down the bay to the anchorage, and in the inspection of the great ship, and we can assure curious friends that everything was arranged for comfort and a most enjoyable voyage.

The child of the College janitor died on the night of the 3d.

E. L. CHAPIN, '74, is playing the part of "Ye Reliable Local" for THE SILENT WORLD.

The total yield of the strawberry patch was 1,929 quarts, which had a market value of \$385.80.

MR. MCGREGOR, '72, has been spending a week in New York, seeing the elephant. Mr. Reid, of the same class, has acted as showman.

MR. A. G. DRAPER has been appointed tutor in the College, and will assume the duties of the position on his return from Europe in the fall.

S. T. GREENE, '70, is the happy father of the first child born to any one of our College graduates. It is a boy, and '70 must look up that class cup.

MR. HIBBARD, '72, attended the Baltimore Convention as correspondent of *The Monthly Voice*, one of Greeley's supporters, published in the swamps of New Jersey.

THE contractor who has been fixing the terrace between Chapel Hall and Joiner Hall, near the pump, has been engaged of late in levelling the mound at the other side of the boys' play-ground.

MR. CHAMBERS, '73, Mr. Beller, and Mr. Jones of '72 are still in Washington. Mr. Stretch, '74, who supplied Mr. Draper's place in the President's office during the last week or two of his stay, went home on the 8th.

PROFESSOR SPENCER is still at the Institution; Prof. Fay is at Saratoga; Mr. Ballard in Maine; Mr. Denison and wife in Vermont; Miss Pratt in Washington; Prof. Chickering and family wandering somewhere; and Mr. Hotchkiss is in Connecticut. Prof. Porter is also in Connecticut preparing for his trip to Europe on the 20th.

GENERAL HOWARD and his band of "gentle savages" honored the College with a visit soon after term closed. The students being away, "that dog" and Master Craig, one of the little negro pupils, did the receiving—that is, both took to their heels and scampered round the corner, yelping and bristling all over with fright, for those braves were dressed in true Indian rig, and looked strange enough.

ON the 9th a sad accident occurred in Washington, by which three men lost their lives and five were injured. It was caused by the falling of three large derricks at the new State Department building. Mr. Robert S. Collins, a deaf-mute bricklayer, a graduate of the Washington Institution, was one of the victims of the disaster. He had his right arm badly fractured and received a severe wound on the head. Mr. Collins is an able workman.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

IN a certain city, not 3,000 miles from Jacksonville, Illinois, we have a subscriber. In an adjoining town, connected with the former by a railroad, lives a subscriber to *The Deaf-Mute Advance*. Dear *Advance*, witness the nice little plan they have concocted for saving money and starving us both. Instead of each subscribing for both papers, they prefer to make semi-monthly excursions to each other's residences and there to read each the other's paper. Let us bring in a little arithmetic and see how much money they manage to save by this nice little arrangement. They pay in one year \$2 in subscriptions to *The Advance* and *THE SILENT WORLD*. The fare on the cars at twenty cents a trip amounts to \$4.80. Total, \$6.80. If both subscribed for the paper the expense would be, for papers, \$4; extra postage, 24 cents; total, \$4.24. Difference between the two methods, \$2.56. How much do they save? Now, we do not so much condemn the fact itself as the spirit of it. If deaf-mutes are so everlastingly stingy in matters that pertain to the welfare of the class, how can they expect others to exert themselves to aid them and advance their interests? When they give as little support as their despicable selfishness will allow, how can they expect any paper published in their interest to succeed? If one does not care to read *THE SILENT WORLD*, well and good; we do not wish to force him to take it; but when one has such a desire to peruse it that he is willing to put himself to the trouble and additional expense involved in the case we have cited, we consider ourselves outraged if he does not subscribe, and the individual in question is very mean spirited, indeed.

MARRIED.

AT the residence of Mr. A. F. Marshall, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, June 26, by the Rev. Dr. Clerc, Mr. LESLIE G. MARSHALL, a graduate of the Hartford Asylum, to Miss SARAH KENDIG, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution.

DIED.

ON Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, RICHARD PLUMMER IJAMS, in the nineteenth year of his age. For a year or more past he had been the victim of that terrible disease, consumption, and all that medical skill could suggest was of no avail, and that dread monster, death, claimed him as his own. Deceased was formerly a pupil of the Washington Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A CERLONESE STORY.

Long ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heiress of all his wealth, who could not or would not speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being of fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, could marry her and eventually be lord of all her father's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magical gift—that of causing things inanimate to talk with him—came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. He spoke to her and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none.

Now, a lamp was hanging in the hall, and to it the prince good-humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Say on," replied the lamp.

"Well," went on the prince, "four travellers—a carpenter, a painter a cloth merchant, and a jeweler—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest-house, halted there, and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest-house had laid down on the floor a log of wood very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving gear, and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life-sized and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colored and painted the figure till it shone as brilliantly fair as a goddess. Then the cloth merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered robes, and dressed the figure in his choicest drapery. The jeweler took gems, earrings, necklaces, and spangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all, the figure was endowed with life. I do not take on me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!"

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but, pray, go on. I hate digressions."

"When," continued the prince, "that exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the four fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife."

"Why, I shaped that matchless figure," said the carpenter.

"And I bestowed on her that blooming complexion," retorted the painter.

"And I robed her," exclaimed the merchant.

"But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems which were my gift? A woman is of little account without jewels," cried the jeweler.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to be declared the rightful owner?"

First the lamp said one and then another, giving reasons, and whatever the lamp said, the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to an end.

The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer; so she cried, "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"

"Ah, yes," said the prince, "you are in the right, my princess! And now that you have spoken, let me claim my reward and take you for my wife!" So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the cure, and they were married straightway, and lived happy ever afterward—at least it is said that the princess never gave her husband any cause after marriage to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace.

DURING the recent heated term in New York city two deaf-mutes were prostrated by the heat. One, named Hunt, died, while the other, a Mr. McGuire, recovered.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE kindness of Mr. Marcus Kerr, in presenting the Institution with a portrait of the late Laurent Clerc, painted by himself, is greatly appreciated. The painting is 24 by 30 inches in size, and is enclosed in a fine frame of beautiful workmanship. The portrait is considered by Mr. T. L. Brown, who knew Mr. Clerc well, to be a good likeness. At a meeting of the Clerc Monument Association, before the end of the school term, a vote of thanks to Mr. Kerr for this gift was passed unanimously.

Mr. Job Williams, a teacher of the American Asylum at Hartford, accepted the invitation extended by Mr. Bangs to act as chairman of the examining committee, but his illness, which happened a week before the commencement of the examination, made it necessary for him to give up the trip. Judge Gridley, of Jackson, Mr. Brockway, of the House of Correction at Detroit, and Dr. Fish, of Flint, composed the committee of examination. They commenced their work at 8.30 on Tuesday morning, the 25th, and continued it till Thursday noon. Mr. Bangs also took an important part in the examination. The committee expressed themselves satisfied with the progress as exemplified by each of the eight classes of deaf-mutes, and they were quite surprised at their common-sense answers to questions.

On Thursday afternoon the public exhibition commenced at 2 o'clock. A very large number of people were in attendance, the Chapel being filled to its utmost capacity. The Chapel was handsomely decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the portraits of the first educators of deaf-mutes in America, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc, and of the late Hon. B. Piereson and J. P. Leroy, (two deceased trustees of the Institution,) and that of the Hon. J. B. Walker, with a picture of the Institution, ornamented the wall. After a creditable exhibition of the deaf-mutes of the Elementary classes, Mr. Brown's class, the graduating one, gave neat specimens of their knowledge, writing compositions upon subjects given by the audience, such as Horace Greeley, Grant, Chicago, West Point, Anna Dickinson, Bismarck, and Lincoln. The class showed a degree of attainment creditable in the highest degree to themselves and their teacher. The recitations in the sign-language were much admired. "Sheridan's Ride" was rendered by Miss Furgerson with very fine effect. We wonder if this recitation was equal in beautiful pantomime to Mr. Jewell's, which is spoken of in connection with the exhibition at the New York Institution in THE SILENT WORLD of the 15th of June. Before the close of the exercises Judge Gridley made a very strong address, eulogizing the Institution, and Mr. Brockway made some remarks highly complimentary to the principal and teachers. On Friday the pupils dispersed to their homes to enjoy a rest of eleven weeks.

It is ascertained that a conference of the principals of the various institutions for the deaf and dumb will be held at the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of next August. It is much regretted that Dr. Gallaudet, of Washington, will not be present at the conference, owing to his absence in Europe. An interesting time is anticipated.

Mr. Isaac L. Peet's able report has been read with much interest. If he had lived in Michigan he would not have said, "There is no case on record, so far as my knowledge extends, of a deaf-mute girl or woman being injured while walking on a railroad." One of the Michigan deaf girls, I think Miss Campbell, lost her life by being run over by cars. Another girl had the toes of her foot cut off by a freight train near the Institution. The New York mute girls must be more cautious or obedient than those of Michigan.

W. L. M. B.

NEW YORK.

THE Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D. D., has removed from Philadelphia to Burlington, N. J., where he has assumed the duties of Rector of the College. On the occasion of being introduced into the (Episcopalian) Convention of the Diocese, he took occasion to offer a resolution commending the cause of deaf-mute education and the religious instruction of individual deaf-mutes to the clergy of the diocese. The resolution was warmly supported and adopted.

The "Heathen Chinese" base-ball club has improved encouragingly by practice. However, they were beaten by the Sunny-Sides, though that club of youth from the French Institute had been previously beaten by two of our deaf-mute clubs. On Monday, the 24th, the Sunny-Sides played a farewell game with the Dexters; they were defeated a third time by 45 runs to 25.

N. B.—Fists have been shaken at your correspondent's head for venturing to speak of the H. C. club as if their skill and triumphs were *in posse* rather than *in esse*.

The annual examination was conducted by the venerable Dr. Peet, assisted by two or three other gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. Gilman gave the whole day of Saturday to an examination of the High Class in grammar, moral philosophy, physiology, mathematics, history, &c. The pupils of all the classes were found to have made commendable progress.

The closing exercises came off on Wednesday, 26th. Badges, as tokens of good conduct, being ribbons of different colors, were distributed in the morning. Of these there were five colors, marking the five degrees of the Roll of Honor: blue, red, green, yellow, and white. These badges are

marks of good temper, moral worth, and obedience to rules—not of scholarship. Prizes for scholarship and diligence in the classes that do not graduate were bestowed by individual teachers.

In the two graduating classes, the gold medal for "superior excellence in all studies" was awarded to George Farley, of New York city, who also delivered the valedictory. The Cary Testimonial to the best pupil of eight years was awarded to Miss Martha Maxwell, of Troy.

A numerous and appreciative assembly of friends of the Institution were present at the closing exercises, though the lowering skies must have deterred many. Great pleasure was manifested by the pupils when Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution, who was present, related that being at the commencement of Columbia College that morning (on the old site of our Institution in Fiftieth street) he heard it announced that the honorary degree of L.L.D. had been conferred on our principal, Isaac Lewis Peet. We have thus two Dr. Peets here.

The pretty Miss Flora J. recited, in a very graceful pantomime, O. W. Holmes' beautiful poem, "The Voiceless," beginning:

"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber;
But o'er the silent sister's breast,
The wild flowers, who will stoop to number?"

Miss Matilda Freeman, one of the High Class graduates, also charmed the assembly by a graceful recitation in signs.

Mr. Jones gave some of his striking imitations of animals, producing (said a reporter) peals of laughter.

Guggenheimer, a mute from birth, showed his attainments in articulation and lip-reading. *The Times* reporter says of his articulation that "the words sounded like Chinese," but that "as soon as the ear got accustomed to him he could be understood." "Young Dr. Peet" announced that there was just time to catch the train, which, by the courtesy of the railroad superintendent, would stop opposite the Institution, thus saving a tramp of half a mile; and a hundred people hurried down the steep hill to the railroad, where leave-takings were rehearsed with friends who had come down with them. The train came thundering on, halted a moment, swallowed up the crowd, and vanished, amidst wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, round the curve between rocky walls.

A similar scene was repeated two or three times the next day and day after, when the trains stopped to take on board large detachments of our pupils, bound for their distant homes, each division under the care of one or more of their teachers. Prof. Jenkins went with the flock that took the Erie railroad, and Prof. F. D. Clarke and Newell with that that went up the Hudson river to branch off beyond Albany; part following the Central, and part the Ogdensburg road. A third company left Thursday morning, the 27th, under the care of Mr. Van Tassel, for places on or accessible from the Erie railroad, this side of Port Jervis. Most of those living in the city and vicinity, if big boys, walked away with their baggage; if girls or little boys, were taken away by parents, brothers, or sisters. Health and happiness to all for the next two months!

The teachers also are flitting fast. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves go to Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Newell propose to have a taste of the celebrated watering-place at Cape May; Mr. Gamage proposes to visit Europe for the fourth time; Mr. Knight is bound to Chicago, Mr. Lloyd to Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson to Cayuga county, New York; Mr., Mrs. and little Master Van Tassel will spend the vacation on their farm in Sullivan county; Mr. Seliney goes to Lake Cayuga; Mr. Jewell to Lake Mohopac; Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Peet and family to their farm near Lake Erie. Your correspondent spends the vacation on his farm, in Livingston, N. J., so far from a railroad that he can hardly hear from a post office once a week.

The High Class had planned a picnic across the river on Tuesday, (the day before closing day,) but the clerk of the weather vetoed it, and they had a banquet in the evening instead. Had a "high old time," it is said.

In a thunder gust about a week ago, two of our large old trees were prostrated, one falling nearly upon the west porch of the Mansion House. Fortunately no one was hurt.

J. R. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

SCHOOL closed on the 26th of June. Nearly all the teachers have gone to enjoy their summer vacation.

In consideration of the fact that the present buildings of the Institution are not sufficient for the accommodation of the pupils, and that more ample accommodations are absolutely necessary, the Board of Directors have at last taken decisive action in regard to this matter. They have now entered into negotiations with the city Council for the grant of a section of the Blockley Alms-House grounds belonging to this city, west of the river Schuylkill, on which to erect a suitable building. A more eligible location could not be obtained, it having gas and water supplies from the city, and being accessible every few minutes from any part of the city. A strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Council, and there is every reason to believe that the question will be reported favorably to them, and, whenever introduced, the friends of the scheme are confident that it will pass without opposition. The present lot and buildings are valued at \$225,000, at least in the estimation of competent authorities. Private parties from New York, learning that this valuable piece

of property may be in the market at no distant day, have already opened negotiations for its purchase, for the purpose of erecting a grand hotel, that will rival any similar establishment in the United States.

The Philadelphia deaf-mute residents have recently made a presentation of a handsome, life-size, crayon portrait of the late Laurent Clerc, costing seventy-five dollars, to his son, the Rev. Dr. Clerc, now of Burlington, N. J. It was executed by John Carlin, Esq., of New York city. The donee expressed himself highly gratified by this testimonial, saying, "It is a beautiful work of art and an excellent likeness."

J.

ENGLAND.

WE clip from *The Liverpool Leader* the following concerning the examination of Doctor Buxton's school in Liverpool:

"On entering, we found about 45 boys occupying the seats on the chairman's right, and about 30 girls those on his left, all neatly but plainly dressed; their ages from 7 to 16; their heads generally well formed; their foreheads somewhat above the average; their countenances singularly intelligent. The wall was hung with paintings of Scriptural scenes, maps, and drawings, by the pupils themselves of flowers and the human figure.

"The proceedings commenced with a few words from Mr. R. R. Rathbone, who, however, at once took a seat at one side, leaving the platform to Doctor Buxton and his *eleves*. Thenceforth the latter gentleman conducted the proceedings, and premising briefly that all the ideas of the children before us were received and communicated by signs, he gave his first illustration by calling on his pupils to repeat the Lord's Prayer 'silently.' At once the children and the audience arose, and, while the teacher expressed by signs the successive petitions, the fingers of the helpless immortals, who so much needed a Father's pity, followed them in dumb yet solemn eloquence. There was, nevertheless, some articulate noise, for among the children were a few who, in an imperfect and painful way, possessed the power of speech. This now was used as in a succession of gasps, cries, and moans, among which we could now and then distinguish something like a familiar word or phrase, 'the one-eyed among the blind' sent up their feeble cry to the great I Am. The indistinctness was due in some degree to the pupils' ignorance of time, which caused them to articulate at different speeds. One of them, we believe, has been taught to speak very fairly. But to us it was inexpressibly painful. The utter silence of the other children was preferable. The imperfect attempt made still more evident the extent of their feebleness.

"Among the lookers-on were several clergymen, to whom Doctor Buxton addressed a challenge to suggest questions; and this being responded to, the possible suspicion that all the subsequent display was merely the result of twelve months' parrot-like preparation was quite dispelled. Much curiosity respecting the positive attainments of the pupils was evinced, and in some cases the suggested tests proved too severe; but the Principal did not shrink from them, and the audience seemed satisfied with the result. Then came various specimen lessons, the lowest and head classes successively ascending the platform, and the audience suggesting the subjects. Thus, some one asking, 'What have been the chief public events since your last examination?' several children, writing at once, put down, 'Illness of Prince of Wales,' 'Great Fire at Chicago,' 'Eruption of Mount Vesuvius,' (one wrote *Vesuvius*, but immediately another inserted the *Mount*), 'Famine in Persia,' 'Carlist Rebellion in Spain,' and so on, it being noticeable that each incident conveyed an idea which the writers had personal physical faculties to grasp. This was followed by their writing answers to chalked-up questions in elementary geography; by their working sums in practice and compound multiplication; and by answers to English historical questions. But presently a well-known clergyman, who had watched the proceedings with great interest, and had been consulting some clerical friends, interposed. 'Doctor,' said he, 'why have you more boys than girls here? I thought the weaker auditory nerve would cause you to have more *female* pupils.' 'No,' was the reply; 'boys predominate so much that of 300 pupils 180 are males.' 'I should like to see,' was the next query, 'whether the faculties of these children suffice to remember a short narrative. If you repeat a parable to them on your fingers, can they write its substance on the black-board?' This was a severe test—for it was like asking a school-boy learning Greek to repeat off-hand, in correct Greek, what he had just been told in familiar English—but Doctor Buxton accepted even this test, and the parable of the Ewe Lamb, told by Nathan to David, being selected, a clergyman repeated it in short sections. These were communicated by signs to some of the advanced pupils, and with some, but not much blundering, the requirements of the questioner were met. A gentleman next, on the Principal's invitation to mention some occurrence so recent that the pupils could not possibly know of it already, mentioned that 'a ship is reported to-day as having arrived from Portland after a seven months' voyage.' Here a hitch occurred, through Doctor Buxton's inability to convey, by figurative illustration, the word 'Portland' into minds where it had not yet been lodged. The idea 'reported' being a new one, also took some time in being established. The first difficulty was surmounted by spelling the word; the second a lad at length saw through, and, to every one's amusement, he wrote eagerly, and with evident pride, 'A ship is published in *The Liverpool Mercury* as having arrived after a seven months' voyage.' This confusion was explained by the fact that *The Liverpool Mercury*

was the newspaper from which the lad saw daily knowledge of current events obtained by those around him, and his limited faculties at once assumed that the report came through that familiar channel."

THE FORTNIGHT.

HOME.

It is a remarkable coincidence that James Gordon Bennett, who founded *The New York Herald*, and Nathan Randall, who was invited by Mr. Bennett to unite with him in the enterprise as business manager, were both carried to the tomb on the same day.—A Western paper asserts that Chief Clerk Terry, of the Commissary Department at Fort McPherson, while picking his teeth with a straw a few days since, penetrated his tongue with the sharp edge of the straw and bled to death.—Oregon papers report that there is a greater run of salmon this season than ever before known. The traps are so overrun that great numbers are thrown away, the canning and salting works not having the capacity to keep up with the catch.—The dog census of the United States is put down at 21,000,000. At a moderate computation each animal costs \$8 a year, making a total of \$168,000,000. Of the number, upwards of 100,000 go mad annually, and bite about 10,000 people. On the whole, the crop cannot be said to pay.—St. John (New Brunswick) letters convey just at this time the pleasant information that an iceberg two thousand miles long and from fifty to two hundred miles broad is coming this way from Baffin's Bay. It is feared, however, that it will melt before it gets very far.—Mrs. Fanny Jordan, the Cincinnati woman who captivated the King of Bavaria, has arrived at Newport. It seems that while in Europe one of her intrigues resulted in the suicide of a Spanish nobleman.—The policemen of Brookline, Mass., are exceedingly pious. Recently one of them arrested a man for training up a vine on his house on Sunday.—Mrs. Wharton, the alleged Baltimore poisoner, is recovering her health. The second indictment against her will probably be tried in the fall.—A Pittsburg man is accused of chaining his wife to a heavy weight and of burning her mouth with a hot poker, to break up her habit of drinking.—Twenty-nine car loads of strawberries passed throw the Trenton (N. J.) depot one night two weeks ago.—In Terra Haute, Ind., dogs have the small-pox.—The costume of Dr. Mary Walker still continues to stir up strife. While walking through the streets of Alexandria, Va., the other day, she was remonstrated with by a member of the male sex because she had donned the male costume, whereupon she flew into a passion, sent a small boy for a policeman, and in the meanwhile pursued the wretch through the streets with threats of severe personal chastisement.—At the execution of Avery, the Hackensack murderer, a most painful scene was witnessed. The brother of the unfortunate man, while the body was hanging, was pacing an outside hall, almost bereft of his reason. He screamed and tore his hair, and demanded that he be admitted to the corridor. In his frenzy he would strike the door with his clenched fist and scream, "My God, why don't you let me in there?" "Let me in, I say!" "My God! O my God!" Sheriff Pell finally detailed two officers to care for him. The hearse which conveyed the remains to New York left the jail-yard a few minutes past one o'clock. The crazed brother would not believe the remains were in the coffin, even after being so assured by his step-father. As the hearse was leaving the jail-yard, however, he caught sight of it, and rushed madly down the street. He overtook the hearse a few rods from the jail, and got upon the seat with the driver.—*The Concord Patriot* says that two snakes, about eight inches in length, recently issued from the mouth of a son of Mr. Frank Plummer, of Sandwich, N. H., thirteen years old. This poor boy has had nearly three hundred fits a year for the last five years. He has suffered terribly, and has nearly lost his mental powers.—A generator at a soda manufactory in Boston exploded, killing one man and blowing off the right leg of another.—Cleveland, Ohio, has been visited with a tremendous hail storm. Several houses were blown down and a woman killed. Crops in the surrounding country were injured.—The convicts in the Auburn (N. Y.) State prison undertook to revolt on the 27th ult. They were subdued, however, and one hundred and sixty of the ring-leaders are in confinement on bread and water.—Canadian papers say the emigration of French Canadians to the United States is assuming larger proportions than ever. Since January, 1871, no less than 125 families have left the parish of Somerset alone, which is said to be a rich parish, and the emigration is largely composed of well-to-do farmers.—It is the generally-received opinion that the Pacific railroad is doing an immense passenger traffic. The fact of the case is, however, that the travel is much less now than when the road was first opened. Between May, 1870, and April, 1871, inclusive, only 30,599 passengers were carried to San Francisco by the Pacific railroad, and 24,349 thence to the Atlantic States. The following year has shown a considerable decrease even from that, only 28,924 passengers having gone to San Francisco by that route, and 20,707 on the return to the East. There is a large and constantly increasing freight traffic, which alone renders the road a not unprofitable one.—Some idea of the magnitude of our trade in grain may be gathered from the following figures, representing the capacity for grain storage in some of the most important cities. Prior to the fire, Chicago had seventeen granaries, with an aggregate capacity of 11,580,000 bushels. This number has been reduced by the fire to eleven

establishments, with facilities for elevating and storing about 8,580,000 bushels. Buffalo has thirty-one granaries, capable of holding 7,415,000 bushels. Brooklyn, representing the port of New York, has at its Atlantic Docks and elsewhere a storage capacity for 12,750,000 bushels. The foreign export of flour and grain from the port of New York for the four years from 1867 to 1870, inclusive, amounted to 5,711,439 barrels—a sufficient quantity to sustain for a year a population of more than 13,000,000 persons, and if spread to the depth of one foot it would cover more than 2,500 acres.—The wheat crop throughout Ohio is already fairly under way. The crop is thinner on the ground, but the heads are unusually heavy and well filled.—There are 15,000 visitors at Long Branch, N. J., and the hotels are full.—The trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., is still progressing. The evidence thus far seems to be tending strongly in favor of the prisoner. Mrs. Helen Josephine Mansfield, who is looked upon by many as the prime cause of the falling out between Fisk and Stokes, testified that Fisk had in her presence threatened to destroy Stokes' life, and Mrs. Williams, her cousin, corroborated her testimony. It is sought to establish the fact that Stokes shot Fisk under the impression that he was defending himself.—The heated term in New York has been unusually severe. During the week ending July 6, there were more deaths than during any similar period in its history, the sum total amounting to 1,569.

POLITICAL.

JUDGE DAVIS has written a letter withdrawing from the nomination of the Labor Reform Convention for the Presidency, because he was not nominated by the Cincinnati Convention. He expresses no opinion with regard to the other candidates.—The Vermont Republicans have nominated Hon. Julius Converse for Governor, R. S. Taft for Lieut.-Governor, John A. Page for State Treasurer, and Harmon Canfield and E. P. Jewett for electors.—Gen. Farnsworth, a member of Congress from Illinois, failed to receive a renomination by the Republican Congressional Convention, Fourth District of Illinois, and another man, Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt, has secured the nomination. It is reported that Gen. F. will declare himself an independent candidate. It is said that Gen. Butler, who hates Gen. Farnsworth, used, in some way, his influence to defeat his renomination.—Several Republicans seceded from the Republican Congressional Convention in the Fifth District of Maine because Eugene Hale was renominated; and they have called for another convention to nominate another man.—Several Democratic papers in Oregon have declared against Greeley.—The Greeley and Brown club of Erie, Pennsylvania, went to Baltimore 800 strong, with white hats, banners, and transparencies.—Alex. H. Stephens, who was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy during the late civil war, insists that the Georgia Democracy should feel no more bound by the action of the Baltimore Convention, if it endorses Greeley, than it would if it adopted the Grant platform.—*The Oakland (Cal.) Transcript* inquires if Duke Gwin has ever been naturalized, because, when made a "duke" in Mexico, he renounced all allegiance to the Government of the United States, and now that he has been sent by the California Democrats as a delegate to Baltimore, it is anxious to have this matter cleared up.—The Baltimore Convention met on the 9th, and adopted the Cincinnati platform, and nominated Greeley and Brown on the first ballot. The vote stood 686 for Greeley to 38 scattering, and 713 for Brown to 19 scattering. Thus there are but two candidates in the field, if we leave out Groesbeck, nominated by the Free-Traders, who has little hope, Judge David Davis having withdrawn. The convention displayed great enthusiasm for Greeley, and the old-line Democrats found it impossible to stem the tide.

FOREIGN.

THE Spanish king will soon visit the northern provinces of the kingdom, passing through those that have been most disturbed by the Carlist agitation. The Republicans have resolved to oppose every form of monarchical government in Spain, to acknowledge no monarchical authority, and to abstain from all elections while monarchy exists in the country. At the same time the members of the Ministry belonging to the Conservative party have withdrawn from the political arena. The last advices from Spain indicate, however, that the Republicans have reconsidered their determination to abstain from elections, and will participate in the voting for members of the Cortes on the 24th of August next. They have resolved to send a despatch to the American people, through the United States Minister, congratulating them upon the recurrence of the anniversary of their independence.—The delay of Doctor Houard's release from prison by the Spanish Government is occasioned by the fact that Senor Mastos required, on the part of the king's cabinet, that the United States Minister in Madrid shall ask that Houard may be pardoned by his Majesty Amadeus. The American Minister refuses to do this, because the position he has assumed and maintains is that Doctor Houard is not guilty of crime, and is unjustly held by the Spaniards.—The increasing tide of emigration from Germany to America causes considerable uneasiness to the Imperial Government, and measures for a repression of the exodus are seriously contemplated.—The Emperor of Austria intends visiting the Emperor of Germany at Berlin next September.—The Empress Eugenie has been ill for some time with a disease of the facial glands, and it is said that her physicians think she will have to undergo an operation that may disfigure her face for life.